

Boston, Oct. 2, 1865.

Dear Henry:

George brought along with him from Charleston a colored orphan boy, about 14 years of age, for whom he is desirous of procuring a good home. Very opportunely, I have just received a letter from S. Waterhouse, at Ellsworth, Me., in which he wishes me to procure for him precisely such a lad as John is. Mr. W. refers me to you, and to Mr. Foy, to certify as to his character and reliability. Please briefly state what you know of him and his family, and what is his employment. Of course, I do not doubt his trustworthiness; but as he refers to you, and as we feel desirous to do well by the lad, I thought it would be prudent to state the case to you.

I have not seen Franky since his return home from Gloucester, but have no doubt he had a very gratifying time of it, and must have felt greatly obliged to you and others for kind attentions.

I got back from my visit to Vergennes on Saturday evening. The trip was unspeakably pleasant. At the agricultural fair I addressed an immense concourse of people, and was greeted with three rousing cheers at the conclusion. I was also serenaded by a brass band from Jericho the evening previous. Rev. E. H. Chapin made a very eloquent address on the same occasion, and was warmly applauded. I was entertained by the Mayor of the city, G. W. Grandey.

Our dear friend Rowland T. Robinson, of Freetown, at the close of the exhibition, carried me home to his residence, where I received the

kindest welcome; and the next evening lectured to a full audience in the Methodist church at North Ferrisburgh.

I am thinking of going west in the course of a fortnight, to be gone till about the 1st of December. Next week they want me to be one of the speakers at the opening meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Commission, and I intend doing so, if practicable.

The aspect of things at the South is somewhat portentous. If the rebel States, "reconstructed" so as to leave the colored people at the mercy of the savage whites, are suddenly admitted into the Union, there will assuredly be a terrible state of affairs, perhaps leading to a war of extermination. I begin to feel more and more uneasy about the President.

Ever faithfully yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Henry C. Wright

